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the conductors of the Sol-fa Association, many sensational military effects, yet untried, may be successfully carried out. This monster concert has shown us that Britons have resolved not to be longer the slaves of acoustical laws; and so grand an idea once conceived, cannot be better carried out than by an Association which commenced its labours by reforming our musical notation, and will end them by reforming our music.

As a curiosity in musical criticism, we reprint a notice, from the *Norfolk News*, of the performance of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" at the Norwich Festival.

"The holders of five shilling tickets were regaled with this work for the first half of their concert. For our own part, we felt it to be dreadfully heavy when we heard it on a morning, and, of course, in an evening it is worse. The opening symphony, which seems almost interminable, contains abundance of ingenuity, but is tie enough of inspiration. It begins with two bars of melody, delivered by the basses, and is followed (after a couple of bars by the whole band) with two bars more. Thus there is a strain of four bars, whereof the first two forms the subject, and the other two a sort of counter subject. Now, a subject of two bars is too short to be very interesting, and this subject, in particular, has nothing fascinating about it; if heard only once, it would pass through the mind and be forgotten. But the composer is determined to brand it on the memory by endless repetition. It pops up in all sorts of places, and is treated in an infinite variety of ways. Sometimes, indeed, it is so long silent that we begin to hope that we have heard the last of it, when, bolt! in it comes, like Paul Pry, with a 'hope I don't intrude?' But it *does* intrude, till it stings like a gadfly. The *chorale* we take to be a quotation. Like most of the German Psalm Tunes, it has a pause at the end of every line, which somewhat interferes with the rhythm. After this dismal ditty has been sung by the voices, it is repeated, and this time it is accompanied by the band, which executes divisions in semiquavers. Here there are two improvements—the time is taken more quickly, and the tormenting pauses are relinquished. Of course, there are redeeming features in the 'Hymn,' but not sufficient to atone for the faults we have named. If we are occasionally put into good humour by a bit of bright melody, the composer will not allow us to enjoy it long; and as if to render condonation impossible, he knocks us down at the last with that fatal phrase which has haunted him like a ghost through his work. Of the performance, we can speak in terms of unqualified praise. The dulcet tones of the wind instruments, the brilliant execution of the strings, and the fine singing of the principals, together with the tremendous din of the choruses (for noise pleases some people better than music), carried the work through, in spite of its weary length."

The next is an exhaustive review upon the same composer's "Reformation Symphony." To understand the last sentence, we must tell our readers that Albert Smith and his brother, when young men, at their amateur performances, always endeavoured to introduce a moonlight scene, "because," said Albert, "as soon as ever I held a tallow candle behind the moon, the spectators began to clap."

"The performances of this evening commenced with Mendelssohn's 'Reformation Symphony.' This piece occupied more than half-an-hour in a concert which would have been too long without it. There certainly was one very pleasing movement, which might last about five minutes. All the rest was 'leather and prunella.' One movement had a sort of air for the strings, accompanied with an iteration of one note for the basses, which effect is difficult to explain, but easy to imagine. In a soldier's band, you will often hear some opera air executed by the first clarionet, accompanied by the bass instruments, with 'tut, tut, prut, prut,' as Sterne has it when he says, 'these fifths are wickedly strung.' That was the sort of effect produced. But some clapping was elicited by the braying of the trombones. These instruments are to Mendelssohn in the place of a 'candle behind the moon.'"

When we say that these depreciatory remarks upon poor Mendelssohn are followed by a burst of enthusiasm upon Pierson, it is impossible to help mingling regret with our laughter; for whatever may be the value of Mr. Pierson's compositions, we cannot but feel that he is an artist, and that he could scarcely therefore hope to be helped to fame by the mistaken zeal of the critic of the *Norfolk News*.

THE death of Mr. J. H. Frobisher, Organist of the Parish Church, Halifax, which occurred on the 3rd. ult., will cause much regret to the many admirers of his talent, as well as to his numerous personal friends. His funeral took place at St. Paul's Church, King's Cross, on the 8th. ult.

Reviews.

CORNISH BROTHERS, BIRMINGHAM. SIMPKIN, MARSHALL AND CO., LONDON.

The English are not a musical people. A Paper on Musical Education. By Charles Lunn, Professor of Singing.

THE contents of this pamphlet, it seems, were intended to be published as an article in the *Cornhill Magazine*; and were written with the view of being a companion article to one bearing the same title, by Mr. G. A. Macfarren, which had previously appeared in that periodical. It was, however, rejected by the Editor, "presumably," says the author, "on account of its musical revolutionary character." We do not believe this: public attention has been latterly so directed towards the subject of musical tuition in this country; and so many incontrovertible truths have been fearlessly stated that an author, as long as he writes earnestly, and steers clear of personality, need not fear that his articles will be rejected by any journal on account of their "revolutionary" tendency. For ourselves, we are glad to welcome one who has thought out the matter with so much intelligence as Mr. Lunn; and as, in illustration of his opinions, he quotes from two of our own editorial articles, we need scarcely say that in most of the main points of his argument we cordially agree with him. In a friendly spirit, however, and just as we might converse with any other travelling companion, we should like to say a few words. In the first place, we think it a great pity that the article should have been tacked on to that of Mr. Macfarren; the weakest points of his pamphlet being, in our opinion, precisely those in which the author attempts to refute the arguments of his predecessor. To give only one instance, we believe with Mr. Macfarren that it is the men of genius (the exceptional members, in fact, of a nation) who give the reputation to a country; although we willingly admit that the general musical culture and executive power of the people in the aggregate have much to do in confirming that reputation. When Mr. Lunn takes up the subject from the point at which Mr. Macfarren left it, there is much shrewd and clever reasoning; especially where the thorough incompetence of many teachers on the very rudiments of the subject they profess to teach is indisputably proved. "The first thing," says our author, "that a master has to teach his pupil is the art of getting the best quality of tone from his instrument. Then, but not till this is done, he has to instruct his pupil how to get the greatest amount of executive skill in the shortest space of time, *on that quality*." Undoubtedly: but how many masters, instead of pursuing this method, fully keep their pupils ignorant, and then endeavour to get the greatest amount of money in the shortest space of time, *on that ignorance*?

W. KENT AND CO., LONDON. COLEFORD, BATH, J. C. TUCKER.

Music: its Properties, Origin, Progress and Purposes. Being a Lecture, delivered by J. Rose, M. M.

THE title of this pamphlet would lead us to expect a most exhaustive essay upon the art; but we cannot promise that this expectation will be realised by those who peruse it. At the commencement we have the usual conventional phrases about the "chirping of the feathered choristers," "the melancholy sound of the water-fall," and "the wild roar of the waves;" and we are also told "that the first and eighth sounds of an octave blended, pre-eminently exemplify the unity which ought to exist among all the members of the human family." It may be gathered from this that our author is an enthusiast; but further on we read an example of the power of music which has never yet struck us. "When we go to view the exhibitions of wild animals," writes Mr. Rose, "we see stationed in front of the pavilion a band of some half-score musicians, not merely to attract a multitude, but to soften, if not subdue, the ferocity of the beasts within." Here we at once confess to rank below the "beasts